

LEIGH HUNT'S LONDON JOURNAL.

TO ASSIST THE ENQUIRING, ANIMATE THE STRUGGLING, AND SYMPATHIZE WITH ALL.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 21, 1834.

No. 8.

PRICE THREE HALFPENCE.

CRICKET, AND EXERCISE IN GENERAL.

THE fine, hard, flat, verdant floors are now preparing in the cricket-grounds for this manly and graceful game, and the village-greens (where they can) are no less getting ready, though not quite so perfect. No matter for that. A true cricketer is not the man to be put out by a trifle. He serves an apprenticeship to patience after her handsomest fashion. Henry the Fourth wished a pullet in his kettle. We should like to see a time when every man played at cricket, and had a sound sleep after it, and health, work, and leisure. It would be a pretty world, if we all had something to do, just to make leisure the pleasanter, and green merry England were sprinkled all over, "of afternoons," with gallant fellows in white sleeves, who threshed the earth and air of their cricket-grounds into a crop of health and spirits; after which they should read, laugh, love, and be honourable and happy beings, bringing God's work to its perfection, and suiting the divine creation they live in.

But to speak in this manner is to mix serious things with mirthful? Well; and what true joy does not? Joy, if you did but know him thoroughly,—is a very serious fellow,—on occasion; and knows that happiness is a very solid thing, and is zealous for nature's honour and glory. The power to be grave is the proper foundation for levity itself to rejoice on. You must have floor, for your dancing,—good solid earth on which to bother your cricket-balls.

The Spring is monstrously said to be a sickly time of the year! Yes, for the sickly; or rather (not to speak irreverently of sickness which cannot be helped) for those who have suffered themselves to become so for want of stirring their bloods, and preparing for the general movement in Nature's merry veins. People stop in doors, and render themselves liable to all "the skiey influences," and then out of the same thoughtless effeminacy of self-indulgence, they expose themselves to the catching of colds and fevers, and the beautiful Spring is blamed, and "fine Mays make fat church-yards." The gypsies, we will be bound, have no such proverbs. The cricketer has none such. He is a sensible, hearty fellow, too wise not to take proper precautions, but above all, too wise not to take the best of all precautions; which is, to take care of his health, and be stirring. Nature is stirring, and so is he. Nature is healthy, and so is he. Nature, in a hundred thousand parts to a fraction, is made up of air, and fields, and country, and out-of-doors, and a strong teeming earth, and a good-natured sky; and so is the strong heart of the cricketer.

Do we then blame any of the sick, even those who are "blameable?" Not we; we blame nobody; what is the use of it? Besides, we don't like to be blamed ourselves, especially when we are in the wrong. We like to be coaxed and called sensible, and to have people wonder good-naturedly (not spitefully) how people so very shrewd can do any thing erroneous; and then we love them, and wish to be led right by people so very intelligent, and know no bounds to our wish to please them. So the measure which we like ourselves, we would fain deal out to others. You may do it without any insincerity, if the patient have but one good or sensible quality, or one sweet drop in his heart, from which comfort is to be squeezed into the cup of advice. And who has not got this? But it may be said, it is not to be found. No? Then the eyesight is very bad, or the patient is not to be mended,—a case luckily as rare as it is melancholy, and to be looked upon as a madness. The best step to be taken in that instance is, to give him as little advice, and see that he does as little harm

[SPARROW AND CO., CRANE COURT.]

as possible. For all reasonable care is to be taken of the comfort even of those who give none. They are a part of the human race.

As to our sickly friends before mentioned, all we shall say to them is, what was said by an abrupt but benevolent friend of ours, to the startled ears of a fine lady—"Get out."

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the lady.

The reader knows the perfection of meaning implied by that imperfect sentence, "Well, I never!" However the lady was not only a fine lady, but a shrewd woman; so she "got out," and was a goer out afterwards, and lived happily enough to benefit others by her example.

Many people take no exercise at all, because they cannot take, or think they cannot take, a great deal. At least this is the reason they give their consciences. It is not always a sincere one. "They had better say to themselves at once 'I am too idle,' or 'I am too accustomed to sit still, to make exercise pleasant.'" Where the fault is aware of itself, there is better hope of its mending. But the least bit of exercise is better than none. A walk, five minutes before dinner in a garden, or down a street, is better than no walk at all. It is some break, however small a one, into the mere habit of sitting still and growing stagnant of blood, or corpulent of body. A little tiny bit of the sense of doing one's duty is kept up by it. A glimpse of a reverence is retained for sprightliness of mind and shapeliness of person; and thus the case is not rendered hopeless, should circumstances arise that tempt the patient into a more active system. A fair kinswoman of ours, once reckoned among the fairest of her native city,—a very intelligent woman as far as books went, and latterly a very sharp observer into the faults of other people, by dint of a certain exasperation of her own, literally fell a sacrifice to sitting in doors, and never quitting her favourite pastime of reading. The pastime was at once her bane and her antidote. It would have been nothing but a blessing, had she varied it. But her misfortune was, that her self-will was still greater than her sense, and that being able to fill up her moments as pleasantly as she wished during health, she had persuaded herself that she could go on filling them up as pleasantly by the same process, when she grew older; and this "wouldn't do!" For our bodies are changing, while our minds are thinking nothing of the matter; and people in vain attribute the new pains and weaknesses which come upon them, to this and that petty cause,—a cold, or a heat, or an apple; thinking they shall "be better to-morrow" and as healthy as they were before. Time will not palter with the real state of the case, for all our self-will and our over-weening confidence. The person we speak of, literally rusted in her chair; lost the use of her limbs, and died paralytic and ghastly to look upon, of premature old age. The physicians said it was a clear case. On the other hand, we heard some years ago, of a gentleman of seventy, a medical man, (now most probably alive and merry—we hope he will read this,) who, meeting a kinsman of ours in the street, and being congratulated on the singular youthfulness of his aspect, said that he was never better or more active in his life; that it was all owing to his having walked sixteen miles a day, on an average, for the greater part of it; and that at the age of seventy, he felt all the lightness and cheerfulness of seventeen! This is an extreme case, owing to peculiar circumstances; but it shews of what our nature is capable, where favourable circumstances are not contradicted. This gentleman had cultivated a cheerful benevolence of mind, as well as activity of body, and the two together were irresistible, even to old Time. The death of such a man must be like going to sleep after a good journey.

The instinct which sets people in exercise is one of

the most natural of all instincts, and where it is totally stopped, must have been hurt by some very injudicious circumstances in the bringing up, either of pampered will or prevented activity. The restlessness felt by nervous people is Nature's kindly intimation that they should bestir themselves. Motion, as far as hitherto has been known, is the first law of the universe. The air, the rivers, the world move; the very "fixed stars," as we call them, are moving towards some unknown point; the substance, apparently the most unmoving, the table in your room, or the wall of the opposite house, is gaining or losing particles: if you had eyes fine enough, you would see its surface stirring: some philosophers even hold that every substance is made up of vital atoms. As to oneself, one must either move away from death and disease, and so keep pleasantly putting them off, or they will move us with a vengeance, aye, in the midst of our most sedentary forgetfulness, or while we flatter ourselves we are as still and as sound as marble. Time is all the while drawing lines in our faces, clogging our limbs, putting ditch-water into our blood;—preparing us to mingle with the grave and the rolling earth, since we will not obey the great law, and move of our own accord.

Come, dear readers, now is the season for such of you as are virtuous in this matter, to pride and rejoice yourselves; and for such of you as have omitted the virtue in your list, to put it there. It will grace and gladden all the rest. A cricketer is a sort of glorifier of exercise, and we respect him accordingly: but it is not in every one's power to be a cricketer; and respect attends a man in proportion as he does what he is able. Come then be as respectable in this matter as far you can;—have a whole mile's respectability, if possible,—or two miles, or four: let our homage wait upon you into the fields, thinking of all the good you are doing to yourselves, to your kindred, to your offspring, born or not born, and to all friends who love you, and would be grieved to lose you. Healthy and graceful example makes healthy and graceful children, makes cheerful tempers, makes grateful and loving friends. We know but of one inconvenience in virtue of any sort; and that is, that it sometimes makes one love it too much, and long to know it, and show our gratitude. A poet has said, that he never could travel through different places and think how many agreeable people they probably contained, without feeling a sort of impatience at not being able to make their acquaintance. But he was a rich poet, and his benevolence was a little pampered, and self-willed. It is enough for us that we sometimes resent our inability to know those whom we behold,—who charm us visibly, or of whose existence, somehow or other, we are made pleasantly certain, without going so far as to raise up exquisite causes of distress after his fashion. Now, as we never behold the cricketer, or the horseman, or the field-stroller (provided we can suppose him bound on his task with a liking of it) without a feeling of something like respect and gratitude (for the twofold pleasurable idea he gives us of nature and himself) so we cannot look upon all those fair creatures, blooming or otherwise, who walk abroad with their friends or children, whether in village or town, fine square or common street, without feeling something like a bit of love, and wishing that the world were in such condition as to let people evince what they feel, and be more like good, honest folks, and chatty companions. If we sometimes admire maid-servants instead of their mistresses, it is not our fault, but that of the latter, who will not come abroad. Besides, a real good-humoured mail-servant, with a pretty face, playing over the sward of a green square with her mistress's children, is a very respectable, as well as pleasant object. May no inferior of the other sex, under pretence of being a gentleman, deceive her, and render her less so.

FOURTH WEEK IN MAY.

RECOLLECTIONS OF CRICKET.

WHEN we began our preceding article, we intended only to make a few introductory remarks on the following extract from Messrs. Clarke and Nyren's pleasant little relishing book, *The Young Cricketer's Tutor*,* whose bats and balls are now coming into season. But we found ourselves running to such lengths, that we were obliged to make a separate paper of it. "Relishing," this book may be truly called; for Mr. Nyren remembers, and Mr. Clarke records, every thing with a right taste; masculine as the game, and pleasant as the punch after it. Cricketers may venture upon punch: they have a stomach for it. To most men it is little better than a punch in the stomach. It is a pity the reader cannot have the pleasure of seeing Mr. Nyren, as we have had. His appearance and general manner are as eloquent a testimony to the merits of his game, as any that he or his friend has put upon paper. He is still a sort of youth at seventy, hale and vigorous, and with a merry twinkle of his eye, in spite of an accident some years ago—a fall—that would have shattered most men of his age to pieces. A long innings to him in life still, and to all friends round the wicket.

The game of cricket, (says our author) is thoroughly British. Its derivation is probably from the Saxon "cryce, a stick." Strutt, however, in his "Sports and Pastimes," states that he can find no record of the game under its present appellation, "beyond the commencement of the last century, where it occurs in one of the songs published by D'Urfey." The first four lines "Of a noble race was Shenkin," run thus:—

"Her was the prettiest fellow
At foot-ball, or at cricket,
At hunting chase, or nimble race,
How feisty her could prick it."

The same historian of our games doubts not that wicket derived its origin from the ancient game of club-ball, the patronymics of which being compounded of Welch and Danish (clwppa and bol), do not warrant his conclusion, the Saxon being an elder occupant of our island. From the circumstance, however, of there being no illustration extant—no misal illuminated with a group engaged in this kind of athletic games, as is the case with its plebeian brother, the club-ball; also from its constitution, being of a more civil and complicated character—we may rationally infer that it is the offspring of a more polite, at all events, of a maturer age than its fellow. The game of club-ball appears to have been no other than the present well known bat-and-ball, which, with similar laws and customs prescribed in the playing at it, was doubtless anterior to trap-ball. The trap, indeed, carries with it an air of refinement in the "march of mechanism."

They who are acquainted with some of the remote and unfrequented villages of England, where the primitive manners, customs, and games of our ancestors survive in the perfection of rude and unadulterated simplicity, must have remarked the lads playing at a game which is the same in its outline and principal features as the consummate piece of perfection that at this day is the glory of Lord's—and the pride of English athletes. I mean the one in which a single stick is appointed for a wicket, ditto for a bat, and the same repeated, of about three inches in length, for a ball. If this be not the original of the game of cricket, it is a plebeian imitation of it.

I never saw a finer specimen of the thorough-bred old English yeoman than Richard Nyren. He was a good face-to-face, unflinching, uncompromising, independent man. He placed a full and just value upon the station he held in society, and he maintained it without insolence or assumption. He could differ with a superior, without touching upon his dignity, or losing his own. I have known him maintain an opinion with great firmness against the Duke of Dorset and Horace Mann; and when, in consequence, of his being proved to be in the right, the latter has afterwards crossed the ground and shaken him heartily by the hand.

SMALL was a good fiddler, and taught himself the double bass. The Duke of Dorset having been informed of his musical talent, sent him as a present a handsome violin, and paid the carriage. Small, like a true and simple-hearted Englishman, returned the compliment, by sending his Grace two bats and balls, also paying the carriage. We may be sure that on both hands the presents were choice of their kind. Upon one occasion he turned his Orphean accomplishment to good account. Having to cross two or three fields on his way to a musical party, a vicious bull made at him, when our hero, with the characteristic coolness and presence of mind of a good cricketer, began playing upon his bass, to the admiration and perfect satisfaction of the mischievous beast.

What a handful of steel-hearted soldiers are in an unimportant pass, such was TOM SUETER in keeping the

wicket. Nothing went by him; and for coolness, and nerve in this trying and responsible post, I never saw his equal. As a proof of his quickness and skill, I have numerous times seen him stump a man out with Brett's tremendous bowling. Add to this valuable accomplishment, he was one of the manliest and most graceful batters. Few would cut a ball harder at the point of the bat; and he was, moreover, an excellent short-runner. He had an eye like an eagle—rapid and comprehensive. He was the first who departed from the custom of the old players before him, who deemed it a heresy to leave the crease for the ball; he would get in at it, and hit it straight off, and straight on; and, egad! it was as if it had been fired. As by the rules of our club, at the trial-matches, no man was allowed to get more than thirty runs, he generally gained his number earlier than any of them. I have seldom seen a handsomer man than Tom Sueter, who measured about five feet ten. As if too Dame Nature wished to shew at his birth a specimen of her prodigality, she gave him so amiable a disposition, that he was the pet of all the neighbourhood: so honourable a heart, that his word was never questioned by the gentlemen who associated with him; and a voice, which for sweetness, power, and purity of tone, (a tenor) would, with a proper cultivation, have made him a handsome fortune. With what rapture have I hung upon his notes when he has given us a hunting song in the club-room after the day's practice was over!

GEORGE LEAR of Hambledon, who always answered to the title among us of "Little George," was our best long-stop. So firm and steady was he, that I have known him stand through a whole match against Brett's bowling, and not lose more than two runs. The ball seemed to go into him, and he was as sure of it as if he had been a sand-bank. His activity was so great, and, besides, he had so good a judgment in running to cover the ball, that he would stop many that were hit in the slip, and this, be it remembered, from the swiftest bowling ever known.

BUCK, whose real name was Peter Steward, is the next Hambledon man that occurs to my recollection. He, too, played long field, and was a steady man at his post; his batting, too, reached the same pitch of excellence; he could cut the balls very hard at the point of the bat—nothing like Sueter however—very few could have equalled him. Buck was a dark-looking man, a shoemaker by trade, in height about five feet eight, rather slimly built, and very active. He had an ambition to be thought a humourist. The following anecdote may serve both as a specimen of his talent, and of the unfastidious taste of the men of Hambledon. When a match was to be played at a distance, the whole eleven, with the umpire and scorer, were conveyed in one caravan, built for their accommodation. Upon one occasion, the vehicle having been overturned, and the whole cargo unshipped, Buck remained at his post, and refused to come out, desiring that they would right the vessel with him in it; for that "one good turn deserved another." The repartee was admired for a week.

The tenth knight of our round table (of which old Richd. Nyren was the King Arthur) was a man we always called "The Little Farmer;" his name was LAMBERT. He was a bowler—right handed, and he had the most extraordinary delivery I ever saw. The ball was delivered quite low, and with a twist; not like that of the generality of right-handed bowlers, but just the reverse way: that is, if bowling to a right-handed batter, his ball would twist from the off stump into the leg. He was the first I remember who introduced this deceitful and teasing style of delivering the ball. When all England played the Hambledon Club, the Little Farmer was appointed one of our bowlers; and, egad! this new trick of his so bothered the Kent and Surrey men, that they tumbled out one after another, as if they had been picked off by a rifle corps. For a long time they could not tell what to make of that cursed twist of his. This, however, was the only virtue he possessed as a cricketer. He was no batter, and had no judgment of the game. The perfection he had attained in this one department, and his otherwise general deficiency, are at once accounted for by the circumstance, that when he was tending his father's sheep, he would set up a hurdle or two, and bowl away for hours together. Our General, old Nyren, after a great deal of trouble (for the Farmer's comprehension did not equal the speed of lightning), got him to pitch the ball a little to the off side of the wicket, when it would twist full in upon the stumps. Before he had got into this knack, he was once bowling against the Duke of Dorset, and, delivering his ball straight to the wicket, it curled in, and missed the Duke's leg-stump by a hair's breadth. The plain-spoken little bumpkin, in his eagerness and delight, and forgetting the style in which we were always accustomed to impress our aristocratical play-mates with our acknowledgment of their rank and station, bawled out—"Ah! it was near tedious you, Sir!" The familiarity of his tone, and the genuine Hampshire dialect in which it was spoken, set the whole ground laughing.

There was high-feasting held on Broad-Halfpenny during the solemnity of one of our grand matches. Oh! it was a heart-stirring sight to witness the multitude forming a complete and dense circle round that noble green. Half the county would be present, and all their hearts with us. Little Hambledon, pitted against all England, was a proud thought for the Hampshire men. Defeat was glory in such a struggle—Victory, indeed,

made us only "a little lower than angels." How those fine brown-faced fellows of farmers would drink to our success! And then, what stuff they had to drink!—Punch!—not your new Ponche a la Romaine, or Ponche a la Grosseille, or your modern cat-lap milk punch—punch be-deviled; but good, unsophisticated, John Bull stuff—stark!—that would stand on end—punch that would make a cat speak! sixpence a bottle! We had not sixty millions of interest to pay in those days. The ale, too!—not the modern horror under the same name, that drives as many men melancholy-mad as the hypocrites do;—not the beastliness of these days, that will make a fellow's inside like a shaking bog—and as rotten; but barleycorn, such as would put the souls of three butchers into one weaver. Ale that would flare like turpentine—genuine Boniface!—this immortal viand (for it was more than liquor) was vended at twopence per pint. The immeasurable villany of our winners would, with their march of intellect, (if ever they could get such a brewing,) drive a pint of it out into a gallon. Then the quantity the fellows would eat! Two or three of them would strike dismay into a round of beef. They could no more have pecked in that style than they could have flown, had the infernal black stream (that type of Acheron!) which soddens the carcass of a Londoner, been the fertilizer of their clay. Here would this company, consisting most likely of some thousands, remain patiently and anxiously watching every turn of fate in the game, as if the event had been the meeting of two armies to decide their liberty. And whenever a Hambledon man made a good hit, worth four or five runs, you would hear the deep mouths of the whole multitude baying away in pure Hampshire—"Go hard!—go hard!—Tick and turn!—tick and turn!" To the honour of my countrymen, let me bear testimony on this occasion also, as I have already done upon others. Although their provinciality in general, and personal partialities individually, were naturally interested in behalf of the Hambledon men, I cannot call to recollection an instance of their wilfully stopping a ball that had been hit out among them by one of their opponents. Like true Englishmen, they would give an enemy fair play. How strongly are all those scenes, of fifty years by-gone, painted in my memory!—and the result of that ale comes upon me as freshly as the new May flowers.

The DUKE OF DORSET or LORD TANKERVILLE, sometimes both, would play, to complete the eleven. Neither of these noblemen were to be compared to Lord FREDERIC BEAUCLERC. Whether in batting, bowling, or, indeed, in any department of the game, he would have distanced them; yet they were pretty players. Each usually played in the slip when the other was not present. This station was the Duke's forte. He was in height about five feet nine, very well made, and had a peculiar habit, when unemployed, of standing with his head on one side.

And now for those anointed clod-stumpers, the WALKERS, Tom and Harry. Never, sure, came two such unadulterated rustics into a civilized community. How strongly are the figures of the men (of Tom in particular) brought to my mind when they first presented themselves to the club, upon Windmill-down,—Tom's hard, ungainly, scrag-of-mutton frame; wilted, apple-john face (he always looked twenty years older than he really was), his long spider legs, as thick at the ankles as at the hips, and perfectly straight all the way down—for the embellishment of a calf in Tom's leg, Dame Nature had considered would be but a wanton superfluity. Tom was the driest and most rigid-limbed chap I ever knew; his skin was like the rind of an old oak, and as sapsless. I have seen his knuckles handsomely knocked about from Harris's bowling; but never saw any blood upon his hands—you might just as well attempt to phlebotomize a mummy. This rigidity of muscle (or rather I should say of tendon, for muscle was another ingredient economised in the process of Tom's configuration)—this rigidity, I say, was carried into every motion. He moved like the rude machinery of a steam-engine in the infancy of construction, and when he ran, every member seemed ready to fly to the four winds. He toiled like a tar on horseback. The uncouth actions of these men furnished us, who prided ourselves upon a certain grace in movement and finished air, with an everlasting fund of amusement, and for some time they took no great fancy to me, because I used to worry, and tell them they could not play. They were, however, good hands when they first came among us, and had evidently received most excellent instruction; but after they had derived the advantage of first-rate practice, they became most admirable batters, and were the truest fellows (particularly Tom) in case of emergency or difficulty. They were devilish troublesome customers to get out. I have very frequently known Tom to go in first, and remain to the very last man. He was the coolest, the most imperturbable fellow in existence: it used to be said of him that he had no nerves at all. Whether he was only practising, or whether he knew that the game was in a critical state, and that much depended upon his play, he was the same phlegmatic, unmoved man—he was the Washington of cricketers. Neither he nor his brother were active, yet both were effective fieldmen. Upon one occasion, on the Mary-le-bone grounds, I remember Tom going in first, and Lord Frederick Beauclerc giving him the first four balls, all of an excellent length. First four or last four made no difference to Tom—he was always the same cool, collected fellow. Every ball he dropped down just before his bat. Of

* *The Young Cricketer's Tutor*, comprising full directions for playing the elegant and manly game of Cricket, &c. &c. By John Nyren, &c. with the Cricketers of my Time, by the same author. The whole collected and edited by Charles Cowden Clarke. 12mo. pp. 126. Effingham Wilson.

went his lordship's white hat-dash upon the ground (his constant action when disappointed) calling him at the same time "a confounded old beast." "I don't care what he says," said Tom, when one close by asked if he had heard Lord Frederick call him "an old beast." No, no; Tom was not the man to be flustered.

The BELDHAMS, George and William, came next in succession, brothers, and both farmers. George was what would be called a fine player; a good batter, and generally competent to fill the different posts in the game; but as he attended the club a few times only during my stay in it, I am unable to discriminate or to speak pointedly to his merits. Upon turning, however to his brother William, we come to the finest batter of his own, or perhaps of any age. William Beldham was a close-set active man, standing about five feet eight inches and a half. He had light coloured hair, a fair complexion, and handsome, as well as intelligent features. We used to call him "Silver Billy." No one within my recollection could stop a ball better, or make more brilliant hits all over the ground. Wherever the ball was bowled, there she was hit away, and in the most severe, venomous style.

Beldham was quite a young man when he joined the Hambledon Club; and even in that stage of his playing, I hardly ever saw a man with a finer command of his bat; but, with the instruction and advice of the old heads superadded, he rapidly attained to the extraordinary accomplishment of being the finest player that has appeared within the latitude of more than half a century. There can be no exception against his batting, or the severity of his hitting. He would get in at the balls, and hit them away in a gallant style; yet, in this single feat, I think I have known him excel; but when he could cut them at the point of the bat, he was in his glory; and upon my life, their speed was as the speed of thought. One of the most beautiful sights that can be imagined, and which would have delighted an artist, was to see him make himself up to hit a ball. It was the beau-ideal of grace, animation, and concentrated energy. In this peculiar exhibition of elegance with vigour, the nearest approach to him I think was Lord Frederick Beauclerc.

BIRTH-DAYS.

May is full of pleasant birth-days. To-morrow we have one, for which all the thrushes and nightingales ought to sing their best, to wit, that of

Paesiello. Giovanni Paesiello was born on the 22nd of May (9th old style) at Tarento, in the kingdom of Naples, Anno Domini 1741. He was one of the most beautiful melodists in the world, as the airs of "La Rachelina" and "Io sono Lindoro" would be sufficient to testify, if he had left us none of all his others. Those two are well known to the English public under the titles of "Whither my love" and "For tenderness formed." But they who wish to know how far a few single notes can go, in reaching the depths of the heart, and sufficing it, should hear the song of poor Nina, "Il mio ben," in the opera of "Nina Pazza per Amore" (Nina mad for love). The truth and beauty of passion cannot go further. We are admirers of the rich accompaniments of the Germans; but more accompaniment than the author has given to that song, would be like hanging an embroidered robe on the shoulder of Ophelia.

Turgot (Ann Robert Jaques) was born at Paris on the 23rd of May (10th old style) in the year 1727. A philanthropic and enlightened French minister.

Fahrenheit (Gabriel Daniel) the improver of the thermometer known by his name, was born at Dantzic, May, 27 (14th old style) 1686.

A SURPRISE FOR A SULTAN.

THE following lively sketch, with its very dramatic termination, is taken from the French, and appeared in one of the numbers of the *Jamaica Herald*, which has been kindly sent us by a correspondent. The editor of the *Jamaica* paper calls it "A Lesson for Husbands," intending it for the benefit, we suppose, of some of his friends the planters, whose wives may be a little too fond of playing the empress. We hope no Jamaica gentleman is afraid for his head. It is an allegory, perhaps,—meaning that the "head of the house" will be brought low, if it does not take care, and that the pretty lips will reign in its stead.

To call it, however, a "Lesson for Husbands," is too exclusive. It is a lesson for wives also, and for lovers, —for all, in short, who confound the merely beautiful with the loveable, and who in admiring wilfulness in others, at once betray the propensity to it in their own natures, and tempt it to make them its unpitied victims. A handsome tyrannical husband may "snap off his wife's head," as well as a handsome vixen her husband's. "Lessons" for either party are invidious. Bad education and undisciplined wills are of both sexes, and have a right to demand instruction through the medium of lessons for all.

(* Noble! and sensible!)

Semiramis, whose name has become proverbial for an able and despotic female sovereign, has the reputation of having been one of those perplexing personages whose private and public actions appear to be at variance, and who have allowed themselves to do every bad thing they chose, upon the plea of turning it to some great general account. Catherine the Second of Russia was such a woman, and has been called the "Semiramis of the North." Semiramis is said to have really got rid of her husband by means of his own delegated authority; though the French writer has invented the details. After all, she lived as far back as the time of Abraham! so that our certainty as to her proceedings, whether of love or murder, cannot be very precise. But the Frenchman has wisely considered, that a wilful undisciplined nature has nothing to do with chronology; and that foolish clever women, disagreeable beauties, and other ill-regulated phenomena, have talked and acted in the same high style of absurdity, in all ages.

"—Yes, of all my wives, thou art the one I love best (said King Ninus to Semiramis). No one possesses so many graces and attractions as you. For you I willingly renounce all my other wives.

S. How the wisdom of the king watches over his words! suppose I should believe my master?

K. So long as you love me, what care I for the beauty of others?

L. So then, if I desired it, you would shut up your seraglio—you would send away the women who fill it. I should be the only one you would love, and who would share your power; I should be your only wife; I should be the queen of Assyria.

Semiramis spoke with an ardour which made her a thousand times handsomer. However, to shut up his seraglio, and send away his wives, was rather a delicate matter. Ninus, therefore, did not answer her, but renewed his conversation and caresses.

N. Queen of Assyria! and art thou not so, since by thy beauty thou reign'st over the king of Assyria?

S. No, I am only a slave that you love to-day. Who can answer for to-morrow? I do not reign; I happen to please. If I give an order, they consult you before obeying me.

N. Do you think it then so great a pleasure to reign?

S. Yes, for those who have never enjoyed it!

N. Well—would you reign for a few days in my place?

S. Take care that you do not propose to be too generous.

N. Nay, I repeat, if you would for one day be the absolute mistress of Assyria, you shall.

S. Shall I?—and every thing that I command—shall it be obeyed?

N. Yes, I will cede to you, for one day, my power, and my golden sceptre, its emblem.

S. Suppose I should desire them to shut up the Seraglio?

Ninus smiled.—I will not retract my word. For one day, one entire day, you shall be queen and mistress—I swear it. It shall no longer be to me, that the palace and empire pay obedience, but to you, to you alone. Summon up then all your whims and caprices, for you shall have absolute power.

S. And when shall this be?

N. To-morrow, if you wish it.

S. I do.

Semiramis sweetly bent towards Ninus, letting her head fall on the shoulder of the king. She had the air of a pretty woman, begging pardon for a little caprice, after it had been ceded to her. Never had she been so pleasing: never had Ninus been so happy. In the morning the king said to Semiramis,—"Behold thy day to be queen!"

Semiramis called her women and made them dress her magnificently—she placed on her head a crown of precious stones, and appeared with it in the presence of Ninus—Ninus, enchanted with her beauty, ordered that all the officers and servants of the palace should repair to the hall of state, and that they should take from the treasury his sceptre of gold, and bring it to him. When this was done, and every one had assembled before the throne in expectation of some great event, he made them open the doors of the chamber, where he sat with Semiramis, and taking her by the hand, repaired with her to the hall. All the officers and servants prostrated themselves before the king. Ninus conducted Semiramis to the throne placed in the centre of the hall, and made her sit on it; then commanding every one to rise, he announced to them his wish, that during the present day they should obey Semiramis, as if she were himself. He took the golden sceptre from the hands of the chief slave, and putting it in the hands of Semiramis—"Queen," said he, "behold the sign of sovereign power; take it, use it, and command as queen. You have here only slaves, and I myself, during the whole of this day, am but one among them. Whoever are slow to obey your orders, let them be punished, as if they had disobeyed the king." Having thus spoken, he kneeled before the queen, who smilingly gave him her hand to kiss. The whole court then passed before the throne of Semiramis, who touched each officer with the end of her royal sceptre, and received from each of them an oath to obey implicitly her commands. She received their oaths with a majesty which Ninus admired. When the ceremony

was ended, he complimented Semiramis, and asked her how she had obtained her grave and majestic air?

S. Because whilst they were swearing obedience, replied Semiramis, I was thinking what I should command each of them to do. I have only one day of power, and I would employ it well.

The king laughed heartily at this answer. Semiramis appeared to him more than ever, amiable and lovely. Let us see, thought he, how she will play her part, and with what commands she will begin. "Let the secretary of the king approach my throne," said Semiramis, in a loud voice. The secretary drew near—two slaves placed before him a small writing table. "Write! On pain of death it is commanded that the governor of the citadel of Babylon do give up the government of the citadel to him who shall hand him this order. Seal it with the seal of the king, and hand me that order. Write! On pain of death it is commanded to the chief of the slaves of the palace, that he give up the government of the slaves to him who presents this order. Close it—seal it with the signet of the king, and give me that order. Write! On pain of death it is commanded to the general of the armies encamped under the walls of Babylon, to give up the command of the armies to him who shall present this order. Close it, seal it, and give it to me!"

She took the three orders she had dictated, and put them in her bosom. The court was thunderstruck—the king himself was astonished. "Let all listen," said Semiramis—"in two hours all the officers of the state shall come to offer me presents, as it is the custom on the elevation of a new princess. Let a feast be prepared for the evening. Wait, I have still another order. On pain of death it is commanded to the chief eunuch that he present this evening, at the feast, twenty of the most beautiful women that they may be added to the seraglio. Go; let every one depart now, except my faithful servant Ninus—I would consult him on state affairs."

All the court went out—Ninus alone remained.

—You see (said Semiramis) I know how to conduct myself as queen. Yesterday you would not sacrifice to me your seraglio—to-day I have augmented it. Is not this generous?

Ninus began to laugh. "My beautiful queen (said he) you play your part admirably; but if your servant might dare to question, what are you going to do with those orders which you have dictated?"

S. I am no longer a queen, if I am to give you an account of my intentions: but (continued she, laughing) I wish to avenge myself of those three officers.

N. To avenge yourself! for what?

S. The first, the Governor of the Citadel, is ugly, and frightens me whenever I see him. The second, the Chief of the Slaves, has twice presented you fresh slaves to wean from me your love; and the third, being General of the Army under the walls, deprives me too often of your presence; you are always at the Camp—I am jealous of the army, and not being able to disband the whole, I will disgrace their chief.

This answer, mingled with folly and flattery, enchanted Ninus.—Well (said he) behold three great officers disgraced for very weighty reasons.

Oh (continued Semiramis) it is my pleasure I tell you; I mean to put your empire in disorder for one day at least.

Ninus and the queen walked in the gardens of the palace—the slaves of the gardens prostrated themselves before Semiramis.

N. These handsome gardens are yours to-day, my queen.

S. Beautiful gardens do you call them!—what is there in them that is royal, or that the meanest of your officers may not have? Oh, how few know how to use the power they possess!

N. But you have this day the power, to make use of it.

S. You shall see. Slave (cried she to the Chief of the Gardens), you see that portico on columns of granite, one hundred feet in height, and the terrace which surmounts them;—take the gardens with its flowers, its trees, and its cascades, and place it on the top of that terrace.

—Queen!! said the chief of the gardens.

—Thou diest, if I am not obeyed. Take a million of slaves, and do as I have ordered—Semiramis will then have gardens worthy of her.

The chief of the gardens stood petrified with surprise—Ninus laughed—an eunuch approached the queen.

—Great queen, (said he) the lords of the court, beg that you will deign to receive their homage.

S. Follow me, servant, (said the queen, smiling to Ninus), and she entered the hall of state.

The grandees of the court passed one by one before the throne, each bringing a present. The majority had considered it judicious to offer jewels and precious stuffs.

Semiramis paying little attention to these useless presents, ordered the treasurer to give to each lord another, three times the value of the one he brought.

—It is thus (said she to Ninus) that a prince ought to receive presents as a homage, not as a charity.

After the officers, came the servants of the palace.—These offered flowers, fruits, and roses, or elegant animals.—Semiramis received their offerings with a gracious air. Then came the slaves, who having nothing, could make no offering.—The first slaves were three young brothers, who had been brought up in the same place with Semiramis. They were young, fierce, and

bold; and served as guards to the palace. Semiramis recognized them; for one day, in the place where she had resided, the females were attacked by an enormous tiger, and it was these three brothers who rushed to kill the animal. The females during the scene had remained veiled; therefore the brothers knew not Semiramis. When they passed before the throne, she said to them, "And have you no presents to make to the queen?"

—None (replied the first, whose name was Zopyrus), but my life to defend her.

—None (replied the second, who was Artaban,) but my sword against her enemies.

—None (replied the third, who was Assur,) but the respect and admiration with which her presence inspires me.

—Slaves, said Semiramis, it is ye, who of all the court have made the best presents. I cannot recompense them with the riches of the treasury of the empire, as I have done the rest; but it never shall be said that Semiramis was ungrateful. Thou who hast offered me thy sword, against mine enemies, take this order; carry it to the General of the armies encamped under the wall of Babylon, hand it to him, and wait for that which he will do for thee.—Thou who hast offered me thy life to defend me, take this order, carry it to the governor of the citadel, and wait for that which he will do for thee.—Thou who hast offered me the respect and admiration which my presence inspires, thou seemest to me a courtier; take this order, carry it to the chief of the slaves of the palace, and wait for that which he will do for thee.

The three brothers went out immediately, and the rest of the slaves passed on. The ceremony of gifts being finished, Semiramis descended from her throne, and desiring every one to quit the hall, remained alone with Ninus. "I told you (said she,) that I would upset your empire. You see I put your gardens upon high terraces, and your slaves at the head of armies; but now to my toilette for the feast. You will help me, will you not? and during that time we will judge of the beauty of the women whom I have added to your seraglio."

There was in Semiramis so much gaiety, folly, and beauty, that Ninus had never been so much in love as now. He assisted at the toilette of the queen. In a short time they introduced, one by one, the women destined for the seraglio. There were some beautiful, some only pretty. Ninus scarcely looked at them—he had eyes only for Semiramis. "You are wrong, (said she) not to pay attention to your new slaves: look at this young girl; what a timid air she has! and how pretty." Fifteen women had appeared; the eunuch announced that he had not been able to get any more. "Very well, (said Ninus with indifference,) very well." The eyes of Semiramis lightened with anger. "Slave, (said she) I told you this morning, on pain of death, twenty women for this evening, and you have only brought fifteen. Where are the others, that your head may not fall?"

The Eunuch did not answer, but kept his eyes fixed on Ninus.

S. It is not to Ninus that you are to answer for your disobedience—it is to me. Where are the five women, wanting to complete my order—I will have them or thy head.

E. My head will not fall unless the king pleases.

S. "That word has condemned thee!" then striking her hands, the slaves entered. "Seize that slave, drag him to the courtyard of the Seraglio, and take off his head—let it be presented to me before the feast this evening: begone."

N. "Will this be your last whim," said Ninus laughing.

S. No; I have yet six hours to reign.

N. My lovely queen (said Ninus, laughing,) I willingly give you the head of the slave; but is it worth your while to be angry about it? It is true, your anger gives you new charms; but a few women, more or less, what signifies it?"

Without thinking any further of the slave condemned to death, Ninus conversed with Semiramis. In a short time evening, and the time for the banquet, arrived. When Semiramis entered the hall, a slave presented a plate, from which she turned not away her eyes, but carefully examined it. It contained the head of the Eunuch. "It is well, (said she); place it in the Court of the Palace, through which the slaves must pass to the feast. Stand you by it, and repeat, that three hours since this man lived, but that having disobeyed me, his head was instantly struck off." The banquet was magnificent; there were dances, flowers, and perfumes, and a sumptuous feast prepared in the gardens. Semiramis, receiving the homage paid her, with much majesty and grace, addressed herself constantly to Ninus, as if she would pay him the honours of the feast.

S. You are (said she) a stranger king, who comes to visit me in my Palace. I must conduct myself to please you.

They were soon at table. Semiramis confounded all ranks—Ninus was placed at the foot of the table; he was the first to laugh at this change of the etiquette of the palace; and the court, following his example, allowed themselves to be seated according to the caprice of the queen. She placed near her the three brothers. "Are my orders obeyed," (she asked them). They answered, "Yes." The banquet was gay. A slave having by chance served the king first, Semiramis caused him to be hung up and flogged with thorns; his cries mingled with the laughter of the company. Every one was disposed to be joyful; it was a comedy, in

which each played his part. Towards the end of the repast, when wine had inflamed the gaiety of the court, Semiramis spoke—"Sire, the treasurer has read me the list of those who have offered me gifts on the joyous event of my sovereignty; the name of one lord only is wanting to complete it."

N. Who is he? (exclaimed Ninus); he must be severely punished.

S. It is yourself (replied Semiramis). Speak: what have you given the queen this morning?

Ninus rose, and with a smile, whispered that he had saluted her beautiful lips.

S. The queen is insulted by her slave.

N. I embrace her knees to obtain my pardon. Pardon me, powerful queen, pardon me.

S. (Abandoning him her hand, which the king was covering with kisses,) "I do not pardon such an insult from a slave: (then added in a lower voice) Slave, prepare to die."

N. What a little fool you are! (replied Ninus, still on his knees) I will, however, give way to your whims; but your reign will soon be over.

S. You will then not be angry with something which I am about to order. Slaves, seize this man—yes, even him—Ninus.

Ninus went laughingly up to the slaves, and put himself into their hands.

"Drag him out of the hall, take him in the courtyard of the seraglio, prepare everything for his death, and wait my orders."

The slaves obeyed, and took Ninus out. He went willingly, laughing all the way. They lead him past the head of the murdered eunuch. Semiramis placed herself in a balcony. Ninus allowed them to chain his hands.

Run to the fortress, Zopyrus—you to the camp, Artaban: Assur, shut all the doors of the palace. The orders were given in a low voice, and were immediately executed. "Well," said Ninus, "great queen, there remains but one word to end this comedy."—"Hear it," cried Semiramis; "slave, remember the eunuch. Strike!" They did strike, and before Ninus could utter a cry, his head fell on the ground, a smile still playing on his lips.

"Now I am queen of Assyria, (cried Semiramis,) and perish, as did the eunuch and Ninus, all those that dare to disobey."

ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE

XVI.—THE STRANGE FORTUNES OF CONINGSMARK.

Charles John Coningsmark was a Swedish Count, supposed, on strong circumstantial evidence, to have procured three assassins to murder Mr. Thynne, a gentleman of good family and large fortune, in the reign of Charles the Second. This atrocious deed, to which Coningsmark was stimulated by the hope of obtaining the hand of the Countess of Ogle, a beautiful young woman to whom Mr. Thynne had been contracted, was perpetrated in Pall-Mall, near the bottom of St. Alban's-street, as the unfortunate man was returning from the house of his mother-in-law, Lady Northumberland, who lived in St. James's-street. At the hour of eight on a Sunday evening, in a crowded thoroughfare, in the heart of a great metropolis, almost within sight of a royal palace, and notwithstanding a running footman with a blazing flambeau proceeded the equipage, the villains having stopped and surrounded the coach, Charles Boratzi, a native of Poland, discharged a blunderbuss, loaded with bullets, at Mr. Thynne, which penetrating and dreadfully lacerating his body, he languished in great agonies a few hours and died. So flagrant, and, in England so unusual an enormity, as waylaying a man in order to murder him, naturally raised the indignation of the public, and excited the vigilance of the police.

The Count was seized a few days after near Gravesend, in disguise, and attempting to procure a passage in an outward bound ship. His three desperadoes were also soon after taken into custody, and with Coningsmark, tried at the Old Bailey, before the Chief Justices, Pemberton and North, the Chief Baron Montague, the Recorder, and others.

Three of the assassins after a long trial were clearly convicted of murder, as well by their own confession, as by depositions previously taken by the coroner and other strong evidence; but strange to tell, the original proposer and promoter of all the mischief, the infamous Coningsmark, by far the most criminal, was acquitted; while the three wretched men whom he had corrupted and employed, were executed, under circumstances of general hatred and indignation.

The contriver of an act at which the heart revolts, thus escaping punishment, was a national disappointment, and naturally exasperated the friends and family of the deceased. A writer of that period, without producing any corroborating proofs, throws out a rash charge of corruption against the presiding judge (Pemberton) and the jury. Of the latter, many of whom were foreigners, but most of them respectable men (says the author, to whom we have been indebted for so many of these romances, and whom the reader may now recognize by his style), I am not prepared to speak; but as to the judge, we must not admit lightly an accusation which would brand with everlasting infamy a man who had devoted his whole life to a profession in which eminence and promotion are not very easily attained, but which, by toil and perseverance, assisted by lucky incidents, he had procured; nor is it probable that any *douceur* a prodigate

foreign adventurer could present, would have seduced an eminent judge, of moderate enjoyments, to forget his duty and risk his independence, his fame, and his life. I rather impute the guilty count's acquittal to the fraudulent conduct of an interpreter employed to explain the evidence to the foreign part of the jury; he had been long connected with the count's family in some subordinate situation, appeared during the whole trial to interest himself strongly in his behalf, and was several times checked by the counsel on the part of the crown, for coming forward too officiously when not called upon; and was told that he acted the part of an advocate rather than an interpreter. The Chief Justice Pemberton, I confess, appears to have had a bias in favour of the prisoner; I hope and believe not a corrupt one. It was also remarked that the three condemned were not asked, as is usual in such cases, what they had to say in their defence; why sentence should not be pronounced against them. I have perused the trial with some attention, and confess, that there is not the shadow of a doubt on my mind of the count's guilt. In such infernal transactions, positive evidence can very rarely be procured, as they are generally carried on in darkness and mystery; but Coningsmark's previous and frequent intercourse with the murderers; his purchasing clothes for one, and weapons for another; the virulent manner in which he had long spoken of Mr. Thynne, and a singular question he directed a person to ask of the Swedish envoy, concerning the legality of marrying lady Ogle, in case of Mr. Thynne's falling in a rencontre with him; his perpetually changing lodgings and going by a feigned name when he came to London, to direct the nefarious business; and lastly, his attempting to escape in disguise, and telling the people of the house he lodged in that he was going to Windsor, when he actually went to Gravesend; were proof circumstantial it is true, but sufficiently strong to convince most persons of his guilt. It is impossible to peruse the trial, without remarking the great lenity, inclination to mercy, and scrupulous attention in every minute particular, paid to these abominable culprits. It appears to have been carried to rather a dangerous extreme with respect to them; and I am of opinion, enabled the count, who was treated with too much respect and delicacy, to make impressions on the jury, which ultimately tended to his acquittal.

But all the pains he took, all the guilt he incurred, and the innocent blood he had shed, could not accomplish the purpose he wished. Abhorring his crime, and detesting the perpetrator of it, lady Ogle would never admit him into her presence, and was afterwards married to the Duke of Somerset, who although she was a virgin widow, was, in fact, her third husband; the lady having been betrothed in her infancy, to Henry, Earl of Ogle, only son of Cavendish, Duke of Newcastle, who died in his childhood. After escaping punishment for a crime he had committed, the count, in the midst of a career of unbridled profligacy, and with the conscience of a murderer, was put to death for a crime of which he was innocent.

Wandering, restless, and self-tormented, over various parts of Europe, he visited the court of (I believe at that time) the Duke of Hanover, whose son, the Prince of Zell, was afterwards George I., King of England. In the indiscriminate ardour of vicious passion, and taking advantages of domestic discord, he presumed to cast unhallowed looks on the princess of Zell, who had for some time lived in a comfortless state of estranged nuptial affection; the prince indulging a culpable latitude in female intercourse, whilst his wife lived almost in a state of seclusion in her own apartments.

But one of the frail court favourites, a most artful creature, afterwards created Duchess of Munster, having lately displeased this unfaithful husband, and being fearful of a reconciliation with his wife, saw with pleasure, and privately encouraged the insolent pretensions of the count; assuring him that a man of his personal accomplishments and merit, could not fail succeeding, after a little perseverance, with a lady so very ill-used.

Having, at the same time, excited the jealousy of the prince, by apt emissaries, and distant suggestions, concerning the marked attentions and known character of Coningsmark (for, generally speaking, husbands, however negligent, are not fond of being made ridiculous) this abominable woman, by means of a bribe, prevailed on a valet of court Werenhausen, who attended the Princess, to go to the Count's lodging, and inform him that the Princess of Zell wished to speak with him immediately on an affair of importance. The man of gallantry, flattering himself that the lady's reserve had at length relaxed, hurried to what he considered as an appointment; while the insidious contriver of the meditated mischief, repairing, without delay, to the Prince, and effecting a concern for the honour of his house, told him, she could no longer be a silent observer of the flagitious conduct of his wife; that if any doubt remained of her infidelity, his highness had now an opportunity of being an eye witness of his own dishonour; that the favoured lover, at the moment she spoke, was with the Princess in her bed-chamber,—the conspirators against this unfortunate lady having chosen an hour when they knew she would be in that place, and the valet being previously instructed, to which room he was to conduct the count.

The irritated husband, constitutionally and ungovernably passionate, rushed furiously, sword in sword, to the apartment, and meeting the count at the door just returning from the princess, who had assured him she had never sent; he, without uttering a word, plunged his weapon into the bosom of the assassin; and, after his

lastly reproaching his wife, and refusing to listen to any explanation, imprisoned the unhappy woman for the remainder of her life, in a solitary castle.

We have heard the catastrophe of the above story related differently; Coningsmark being said to have been thrown down a trap door, like the more innocent subject in the Romance of Kenilworth. Other circumstances have also given rise to different conjectures; but all the relations are agreed in loading the character of the Swedish Count with obloquy. Thynne is the man who has the extraordinary monument in Westminster Abbey, where the assassination is actually sculptured, coach, wig, and all; as if to be murdered was a sort of honour.

FRIGHTFUL INTERIOR OF A MOORISH GOVERNMENT AND FAMILY.

The following incidents are abstracted from letters written by the sister of Mr. Tully, at that time British Consul in Tripoli. The high favor the English had gained in Tripoli, aided by the personal character of Mr. Tully, (who appears to have enjoyed the esteem of all parties during his residence there) procured his family an unprecedented degree of confidence from all the principal people of the place, especially the reigning family.

Ali Bashaw appears to have been a mild and kind governor, but a very weak one; and being irresponsible, except remotely to the Grand Seigneur he was led to tolerate worse deeds than he could have perpetrated himself. Altogether the narrative presents a painful view of a people at the mercy of weaknesses of all kinds. Whatever happens, they have no help for themselves; but are driven hither and thither, and butchered as remorseless as sheep. They are every way oppressed, by their rulers,—and by custom, superstition, and miserable ignorance.

A more immediate interest is added to a narrative of this kind, by the curious existing attempt on the part of the French government to colonize the still more barbarous territory of Algiers.

Previously to entering the bay of Tripoli, a few miles from the land, the country looks picturesque, various tints of beautiful verdure being perceptible: no object whatever seems to interrupt the evenness of the soil, which is of a light colour, almost white, interspersed with long avenues of trees, for such the numerous palms planted in regular rows appear, being kept in the finest order. Their immense branches, coarse when near, are neat and distinct at a distance. The land being low and very level, the naked stems of these trees are scarcely seen, and the plantations of dates resemble for many miles luxuriant woods and groves. On a nearer view, they make a more straggling appearance, and afford neither shelter nor shade from the burning atmosphere that every where surrounds them. The whole of the town appears in a semicircle, some time before reaching the harbour's mouth. The extreme whiteness of square flat buildings covered with lime, which in this climate encounters the sun's fiercest rays, is very striking. The baths form clusters of cupolas very large to the number of eight or ten, crowded together in different parts of the town. The mosques have in general a small plantation of Indian figs and date trees growing close to them, which, at a distance appearing to be so many rich gardens in different parts of the town, give the whole city an aspect truly novel and pleasing. On entering the harbour, the town begins to discover its dilapidations from the destructive hand of time, large hills of rubbish appearing in different parts of it. The castle, or royal palace, where the Bashaw resides, is at the east end of the town, within the walls, with a dock-yard adjoining, where the Bey, (the Bashaw's eldest son, and heir to the throne), builds his cruizers. This castle is very ancient, and is inclosed by a strong high wall that appears impregnable, but it has lost all symmetry on the inside, from the innumerable additions made to contain the different branches of the royal family; for there is scarcely an instance of any of the blood royal, as far as to the Bashaw's great grandchildren, living out of the castle walls. These buildings have increased it by degrees to a little irregular town. The arrival of Christians in the harbour occasions a great number of people to assemble at the mole-end and along the sea shore, the natural consequence of an African's curiosity, who never having been out of his own country, finds as much amusement at the first sight of a European, as his own uncouth appearance affords to the newly arrived stranger; and it was not easy for some minutes to draw off our attention from the extraordinary group we perceived collected. It was noon when we disembarked, an hour when, on account of the extreme heat of this season, no Moor of distinction leaves his house; but a number of the Bashaw's chief officers, some from the Bashaw, and some on their own account, came to welcome Mr. Tully on his return to Tripoli. This being the first time we had seen so many persons, splendidly arrayed in the fashion of the east, assembled together, rendered their appearance more striking. Their long flowing robes of satin, velvet, and costly furs, were exhibited amidst a crowd of miserable beings whose only covering was a piece of dark brown home-spun cotton, or a lighter web, resembling a dirty blanket, and which, (by a wretched contrast), heightened the hue of those who passed through them towards us.

The Bashaw, Ali Coromalli, is short in stature, and by no means equal to his sons in figure, but he looks

both consequential and venerable. Though not sixty, he appears an old man from the whiteness of his beard. The Bey, his eldest son, is about thirty, a fine majestic figure, much beloved, being extremely mild and just to his people. His guards and power are nearly equal to the Bashaw's, a circumstance which raises a jealousy in his younger brothers, Sidy Hamet, and Sidy Useph, which is cruelly heightened by disaffected persons around them, and renders them both exceedingly troublesome to him. Though the Moors and Turks are allowed to marry four wives, the Bashaw has only married Lilla Hullama, a truly amiable princess.

December 29, 1783. The Bashaw, the Bey, and his second son Sidy Hamet, went to day to attend the mosque. None but the royal family ride in town. Their suite follows on foot, excepting the head Chaoux, who is first in the procession, richly dressed and mounted on a stately horse; he has a large kettle-drum before him on which he strikes minute strokes, going before in the manner of a herald, proclaiming the Bashaw at the entrance of every street. He rides before the Bey in the same manner when the Bashaw is not present, but does not accompany any of the other sons. His dress is nearly the same with that of the other chaouzes, with the difference of a large gold claw on the left side of his turban; and the front of his under jileck, or waistcoat, was almost an entire breastplate of silver. Six chaouzes followed him on foot, dressed uniformly in scarlet cloth close dresses, quite plain, not very long, and fastened round the waist with a leather belt. They had all of them plain white stiff high caps, made exactly in the shape of a cornucopia. The tails were borne next (the sovereign of Tripoli is a Bashaw of three tails); then followed the hamper, or the Bashaw's body guard: some of these guards were with the Bey; the younger sons have none at present. They were dressed very showily and carried a short silver stick in their hands. After these followed the attendants and suite of the Bashaw; round him were the officers of state, those highest in rank, of course, nearest his person. The sword-bearer was on one side of him, and his first minister of state on the other, to whom he seemed talking very earnestly. He was dressed in a yellow satin caftan, lined with a rich fur. His turban was very large with gold ends. He was without jewels to-day, though usually adorned with very fine ones. This omission of precious stones is to indicate to his subjects, that the Bashaw's mind is oppressed. The horses of the Bashaw and Bey were particularly beautiful; they were buried in their trappings. Both their saddles were embossed gold, and had gold stirrups weighing more than thirteen pounds each pair. The Bashaw's horse had on five solid gold necklaces; the Bey's horse had three. The Bey wore a pale green and silver caftan, and a crimson shawl with rich gold ends twisted over his turban. One of his officers of state had on a caftan of gold tissue, with a fine purple cloth ber-nuse over it. You may perceive, that in few places, the costume can be grander than it is here.

The Bashaw looks venerable, but the Bey looks much more like a sovereign. He is a noble figure and remarkably handsome. An immense number of black slaves and servants encircled the whole procession and kept off the crowd. The Bashaw visits the mosque on every particular event, good or bad, that concerns himself or his state. He sometimes, though not often, pays a visit to the Rais of the marine, who cannot wish much for the honour, as it costs him two of his blacks, whom he is obliged to present to the Bashaw for his gracious condescension. While the Bashaw was passing, a man who was in a consul's house for protection (all the consular houses being sanctuaries) ran out and touched his horse, and was on that account pardoned. This privilege extends to the touching any part, not only of the Bashaw's, but of the Prince's garments or horses when they are out; but the Bashaw's horse protects at all times, even in his stable: if a criminal can get under him or cling round him, his life is safe. When the Bashaw goes to any of his gardens, which he always does on horseback, he has three relay horses, richly caparisoned, led before him by slaves, and all his suite then ride.

May 24th, 1784.—The Bashaw has not given his consent for some time past to the Christians to reside in the country, at a greater distance from the city of Tripoli than four or five miles, as he cannot answer for their safety, on account of the incursions of the Arabs, or even of the Moors, many of the cyderies being at present nearly in a state of revolt. We have the use of a large Moorish country-house on the skirts of the sands; though the grounds belonging to it are not in the best order, yet they are in the style of all African gardens—a mixture of beauty and desolation. The orange, citron, and lime trees are in their fullest bloom: their branches, covered with flowers, are bending down with the weight of fruit ready for gathering. The Arabian jessamine and violets cover the ground; yet in various parts of the garden wheat, barley, water-melons, and other still coarser plants are indiscriminately found growing. The high date tree, with its immense spreading branches, is planted round the gardens near the walls. The branches of this tree extend fourteen feet; they grow from the top of it, furnished with close leaves from two to three feet long. Each bunch of dates, which resemble colossal bunches of grapes, weighs from twenty to thirty pounds. The tree grows nearly a hundred feet high. From this tree the Arab gathers the richest nourishment for his family, and from its juices allays fevers with the freshest lakaby, and cheers his spirits with that which has been longer drawn. They extract the juice from

the tree by making three or four incisions at the top of it. A stone jar that will contain a quart is put up to each notch: the jars put up at night are filled by the morning with the mildest and most pleasant beverage, and, on the contrary, those jars put up in the morning and left till late in the day, become a spirituous strong drink, which the Moors render more perniciously strong by adding leaven to it. The tree will yield this juice for six weeks or two months every day, and after the season, if taken care of, recovers in three years, and bears better fruit than before it was bled, as the Moors term it. It is customary in noble families to have the heart of the date tree at great feasts, such as weddings, the first time a boy mounts a horse, the birth of a son, or the return of an ambassador to his family. The heart lies at the top of the tree between the branches of its fruit, and weighs when cut out from ten to twenty pounds; it is not of a substance to take out before the tree has arrived at the height of its perfection. When brought to table its taste is delicious, and its appearance singular and beautiful. In colour it is composed of every shade, from the deepest orange and bright green (which latter encompasses it around) to the purest white; these shades are delicately inlaid in veins and knots, in the manner of the most curious wood. Its flavour is that of the bannan and pine; except the white part, which resembles more a green almond in consistence, but combines a variety of exquisite flavours that cannot be described.

The best dates, called by the Moors and Arabs, taponis, when fresh gathered have a candied transparent appearance, far surpassing in richness any other fruit. In these gardens the Moors form no walks, only an irregular path is left, which you trace by the side of the numerous white marble channels that cross it with rivulets of water, as I have before described to you, through an almost impenetrable wood of aromatic trees and shrubs. The sweet orange of Barbary is reckoned finer than those of China, both in flavour and beauty; the next best is a small white orange which grows at Malta, almost crimsoned withinside. Cherries are not known here, and pease and potatoes only when cultivated by the Christians. Water melons, as if ordered by Providence, are particularly excellent and plentiful. Many owe their lives to this cooling and grateful fruit, when nearly expiring through insupportable heat. The pomegranate is another luxurious fruit of this country. The Moors, by pressing the juice through the rind of it, procure a most exquisite drink. The Indian and Turkey figs are acknowledged to be extremely good here. There are two sorts of apricots: one remarkable for its large size and excellence, the other, with the musk, melons, and peaches, are very indifferent. There are several sorts of fine plums and some very high-flavoured sweet grapes, which, if cultivated in quantities for wine, would render this country rich in vineyards, from the ease and excellence of their production; but Mahomet has too expressly forbidden Mussulmans wine, to admit of its being made in their presence, for even the sight of it is repugnant to the laws of the Koran. There are delightful olive woods near us, but when the olives are ripe, it is inconvenient to walk under the trees on account of the olives continually falling loaded with oil. Near to these woods are marble reservoirs to receive the oil the Moors extract from the olives, and from these reservoirs they collect it into earthen jars: it is as clear as spring water, and very rich. The natives who can afford it are so delicate in their taste of oil, that they allot it to their servants when it has been made eight or nine months, and yet when a year old it often surpasses the finest Florence oil. The walls which surround the houses and gardens of the principal people divide this part into a number of narrow roads in all directions; beyond them are date-trees interspersed with fields of barley and high Indian corn. Spaces of sand separated by olive plantations, sun-burnt peasants, and camels without number, add to these a burning sun and the clearest azure sky, and a just picture may be formed of Tripoli. The deserts adjoining, though singular in appearance seem frightful from the frequent and recent proofs we have had of their victims. A party arrived from them yesterday so exhausted that they would have died on the road if they had not been instantly relieved by the Moors. Four of their companions had perished the day before for want of water and from the excessive heat. Haggi Abderrahman, who is just named ambassador to England, often speaks of the death of his favourite daughter, who died in great anguish two days after crossing these deserts with him in his last return from Mecca. Being extremely delicate in her constitution from the scorching heat of the ground at the different times they stopped with the tents, her feet became blistered and mortified.

In this fertile country, so fatal are the despotic laws to agricultural prosperity, that in the year 1785, a frightful famine raged. While still the famine possessed the town, the plague made its horrid appearance, and the Christians were forced to shut up their houses. It is against the Mahometan faith, to endeavour to avert the decrees of destiny; pestilence is therefore almost totally unchecked by precautionary, or even remedial measures. Before the first attack had yet died away, the plague revived with increased horror, and the new year, 1786, was ushered in, in the midst of pestilence and famine. At this time a vessel was expected from Europe with grain; it arrived, and was found to be freighted with Venetian boards, to cover the graves, and make boxes for the dead. The people were ready to tear in pieces the unfeeling Moor who had speculated in this dismally prophetic fashion.

Before the plague and famine had withdrawn themselves from the unhappy people of Tripoli, the more dreadful pestilence, discord, had completed a sad triumvirate. Owing to the restlessness of the Bashaw's two younger sons, especially the youngest, the place was for years after in unceasing anxiety and excitement.

The city of Tripoli, after the plague, exhibited an appearance awfully striking. In some of the houses were found the last victims that had perished in them, who having died alone, unvisited and unassisted, lay in a state to had too be removed from the spot, and were obliged to be buried where they were; while in others, children were wandering about deserted, without a friend belonging to them. The town was almost entirely depopulated, rarely two people walked together. One solitary being, pacing slowly through the streets, his mind unoccupied by business, lost in painful reflections; if he lifted his eyes, it was with mournful surprise to gaze on the empty habitations around him; whole streets he passed without a living creature in them; for beside the desolation of the plague before it broke out in this city, many of the inhabitants, at the greatest inconvenience, left their houses and fled to Tunis, (where the plague then raged), to avoid starving in the dreadful famine that preceded it here.

Amongst those left in this town some have been spared to acknowledge the compassion and attention shewn them by the English consul. In the distresses of the famine, and in the horrors of the plague, many a suffering wretch, whose days have been spun out by his timely assistance, has left his name on record in this place. Persons saved from perishing in the famine, who have remained sole possessors of property before divided among their friends (all now swept off by the plague), come forward to thank him with wild expressions of joy, calling him *bani* (father), and praying to Mahomet to bless him. They say that besides giving them life he has preserved them to become little kings, and swear a faithful attachment to him, which there is no doubt they will shew, in their way, as long as he is in their country.

August 29, 1786.—The appearance of a new moon three nights ago put an end to the Moor's great fast of Ramadan, which had begun on the appearance of the new moon preceding.

During thirty days a number of circumstances having happened to create very alarming dissensions between the three sons of the Bashaw. Lilla Halluma, by exerting every effort, hoped during the feast of Beiram, which begins on the day after the fast, to put an end to these disputes and reconcile her sons; for that feast is the time at which every good Mussulman endeavours to settle all quarrels which may have disturbed the peace of his family in the foregoing year.

On the first day of Beiram, which feast continues three days in town, the Bashaw usually has a numerous court, which he should receive in the chamber built for that purpose, called the *Messelees*; but owing to the prophecy I have mentioned to you before, of some years standing, delivered by one of their most famous marabouts, that "the Bashaw shall end his reign in this chamber, by being stabbed on the throne by an unknown hand," he will not follow his inclination of resuming the custom of going there when dissensions happen at the castle; and there have been such serious quarrels between his sons during this Ramadan, that he still continues to receive his court in another part of the palace.

All his subjects are permitted to approach the throne to do homage to their sovereign on the first day of the feast. Two of the people in whom the Bashaw has the greatest confidence, stand on each side of him; their office is to lay hold of the arm of every stranger that presents himself to kiss the Bashaw's hand, for fear of any hidden treachery, and only people of consequence and trust are permitted to enter his presence armed; others are obliged to leave their arms in the skiff on entering the palace.

The drawing room, in honour of the day, was uncommonly crowded; when all the courtiers were, in a moment, struck with a sight that seemed to congeal their blood; they appeared to expect nothing less than the slaughter of their sovereign at the foot of his throne, and themselves to be sacrificed to the vengeance of his enemies. The three princes entered with their chief officers, guards, and blacks, armed in an extraordinary manner, with their sabres drawn. Each of the sons, surrounded by his own officers and guards, went separately up to kiss the Bashaw's hand. He received them with trembling, and his extreme surprise and agitation were visible to every eye, and the doubtful issue of the moment appeared terrible to all present. The princes formed three divisions, keeping distinctly apart; they conversed with the consuls and different people of court as freely as usual, but did not suffer a glance to escape to other. They stayed but a short time in the drawing-room, each party retiring in the same order they had entered; and it became apparent, that their rage was levelled against each other, and not against their father, though the Bashaw seemed only to recover breath on their departure. The next morning, the second day of the feast, the Bey went to his mother's apartments to pay his compliments to her on the Beiram. She was very anxious to see him shake hands with his brother, Sidy Hamet, the second son, at least to make up the last breach between them; she began by insisting, therefore, that the Bey should not touch her hand, till he consented to stay with her till she sent for Sidy Hamet's wife to come and kiss his hand, a token of respect never omitted by any of the women in the family of the Bey on this occasion, unless their husbands are at variance with him. Lilla Halluma hoped, by this mark of respect from Sidy

Hamet's wife, to begin the work of reconciliation between the Bey and his brother, as this would have been the means of disarming the anger of Sidy Useph, the youngest son. The Bey, at length, consented to his mother's entreaties, and a message was instantly sent to Sidy Hamet's wife, who most unfortunately was, at that moment, attending on her husband at dinner. The message was delivered in his hearing, and it is thought with design, as there are so many intermeddlers at the castle. Sidy Hamet immediately ordered his wife to send a very severe answer back to the Bey. His wife was so alarmed and hurt at this new misfortune, which must occasion a further breach, that her women were obliged to support her. When she recovered, being willing to soften the matter as much as possible, she only sent word to the Bashaw's wife that she could not come because her husband was eating, and begged her to make as light of it as possible to the Bey; but the answer was delivered in the worst words Sidy Hamet had delivered it, and the Bey left his mother's presence too much enraged for her to pacify him, while Lilla Halluma remained agonized, meditating on the scenes of blood that would, in all probability, be soon perpetrated in the castle.

On returning to his apartment, the Bey found that one of his servants had been laid down at his youngest brother's, Sidy Useph's, feet, and almost bastinadoed to death, for a dispute with one of Sidy Useph's servants. Had the brothers met at that moment it would have proved fatal to one or both of them. The next morning (the third and last day of Beiram) the Bey went again to court, and in the presence of his father, Sidy Hamet and Sidy Useph, and a very numerous assemblage of courtiers, he warned both his brothers of putting his prudence any further to trial; he said he scorned to take an unfair measure, though in his power to silence both of them; that if either of them wished to call him out he would condescend (for they had no right to demand it of him), to meet them on the *Pianura*, where he did not fear the zeal or numbers of his people, and where, if they irritated him too much, he would shortly summons them to feel his power. The Bey's suite seemed hardly able to abstain from confirming with their actions what their master had said, who, upon saluting his father, retired from the court.

With various degrees of violence the same animosity was exhibited between the Bashaw's children up to the year 1790. Settled disputes among relatives seldom do otherwise than increase in bitterness with time. At this period the two younger brothers disagreed with each other. The dispute arose among their servants; but grew to such a height between themselves, that their old father was called out of his bed to settle it. He is accused, and it would appear with some justice, of favouring his youngest child, after the manner of most parents. Sidy Useph, though married, was quite a lad in age, being only about sixteen or seventeen years old. He was however a most "Angry boy." He had been early in life accustomed to the fantastic tricks of Muleh Yesied, an infamous tyrant, the son of the then reigning emperor of Morocco. Sidy Useph was esteemed the cleverest of his family. His cleverness however did not extend to a perception of propriety; and accordingly he was a cunning, fierce, wilful spoiled child; a singular mixture of boyish perverseness, matured cunning, and despotic contempt both of difficulty and decency.

June 2, 1790.—To our very great surprise, the Bey, Sidy Hamet and Sidy Useph rode on the sands together to-day. The Bey's people were nearly double the number he has in general with him, while Sidy Hamet and Sidy Useph's attendants were not near so numerous as usual.

The Bey's friends are much alarmed for his safety, and are very sorry to see him so reconciled to Sidy Useph. When they wish to caution him, the Bey's language is, that Sidy Useph has no power to injure him, as he can bring in no Arabs without his father's leave; and as the Bashaw's life is expected to terminate daily, he will not have it on his conscience to shorten its duration. The people, he says, know and acknowledge the throne to be his, therefore, while his brothers do not openly molest him, it is time enough when the Bashaw's life is ended to set limits to their power and possessions; "and then," continued he, "unless they aim at the throne, they will have every reason to be satisfied with what I shall do for them."

The Bey depends on the vigilance of his people to guard his person from treachery; it is impossible for them to give greater proofs of attachment to him, or to be more on the alert than they are. Those who are not at the palace with the Bey, keep a watch at night in their own houses, in case of the least alarm at the castle, and this they do without any orders from their Prince.

At length, however, Sidy Useph determined upon his eldest brother's destruction. With this view he paid a visit to his mother. He brought his chosen blacks with him and had well instructed them. The moment he entered the castle, he proceeded to Lilla Halluma's apartment, to whom he declared his intentions of making peace with his eldest brother, and intreated her to forward his wishes, by sending for the Bey to complete their reconciliation in her presence. Lilla Halluma, transported with the idea of seeing her sons again united, as she flattered herself, in the bonds of friendship, sent instantly to the Bey, who was in Lilla Aisher's (his) wife's apartment, informing him that his brother, Sidy Useph, was with her without arms and waiting to be reconciled to him in her presence; that she would herself join their hands together; and that, by the Bashaw's head, the Bey if he loved her would come to her directly unarmed.

The Bey, actuated by the first impulse, armed himself with his pistols and yatagan, or sabre. Lilla Aisher was certain, from the love Lilla Halluma bore the three princes, that no open danger would threaten the Bey's life in her apartment. She only dreaded treachery, which the Bey would never listen to. In the present moment she was alarmed lest the Bey's passing to Lilla Halluma's apartments with a hostile appearance, so contrary to the rules of the harem, might give a pretext for his being assaulted by Sidy Useph's people: she therefore reminded him that he was going to his mother's apartment, where it was sacrilege to carry arms; and after the message Lilla Halluma had sent him his going with them might seem as if he purposed to assassinate his brother, and would, perhaps, draw the vengeance of the castle on him while he was unprepared. The Bey, hesitating a moment, pulled off his arms, embraced Lilla Aisher and was departing, when she threw herself at his feet, and presenting him his sabre, entreated him not to leave all his arms, and would not let him go till he consented to take that with him.

When the Bey came to his mother's apartment, Lilla Halluma perceiving his sabre, begged him to take it off before they began to converse, as she assured him his brother had no arms about him. The Bey, to whom there did not appear the smallest reason for suspicion, willingly delivered his sabre to his mother, who laid it on a window near which they stood, and feeling herself convinced of the integrity of the Bey's intentions, and being completely deceived in those of Sidy's Useph's, she with pleasure led the two princes to the sofa, and seating herself between them, held one of each of their hands in hers, and, as she has since said, looking at them alternately, she prided herself on having thus at last brought them together as friends.

The Bey, as soon as they were seated, endeavoured to convince his brother, that though he came prepared to go through the ceremony of making peace with him, yet there was not the least occasion for it on his part, for that he had no animosity towards him; but, on the contrary, as he had no sons of his own living, he considered Sidy Hamet and himself as such, and would continue to treat them as a father whenever he came to the throne. Sidy Useph declared himself satisfied, but said, to make Lilla Halluma easy, there could be no objection, after such professions from the Bey, to their both attesting their friendship on the Koran, the Bey answered, "with all my heart, I am ready." Sidy Useph rose quickly from his seat, and called loudly for the Koran which was the signal he had given his infernal blacks to bring his pistols, two of which were immediately put into hand, and he instantly fired at the Bey, as he sat by Lilla Halluma's side on the sofa. Lilla Halluma raising her hand to save her son, had it most terribly mangled by the splinters of the pistol, which burst and shot the Bey in his side. The Bey rose, and seizing his sabre from the window, where Lilla Halluma had laid it, he made a stroke at his brother, but Sidy Useph instantly discharged a second pistol and shot the Bey through the heart. To add to the unmerited affliction of Lilla Halluma, the murdered prince, in his last moments, erroneously conceiving she had betrayed him, exclaimed "Ah, madam, is this the last present you have reserved for your eldest son?" What horror must such words from her favourite son have produced in the breast of Lilla Halluma in her present cruel situation. Sidy Useph, on seeing his brother fall, called to his blacks, saying, "There is the Bey, finish him." They dragged him from the spot where he lay yet breathing, and discharged all their pieces into him. The Bey's wife, Lilla Aisher, hearing the sudden clash of arms, broke from her women, who endeavoured to restrain her, and springing into the room, clasped the bleeding body of her husband in her arms, while Lilla Halluma endeavouring to prevent Sidy Useph from disfiguring the body had thrown herself over it, and fainted from the agony of her wounded heart. Five of Sidy Useph's blacks were at the same moment stabbing the body of the Bey as he lay on the floor; after which miserable triumph they fled with their master.

The Bashaw took little pains to resent the murder of his eldest son; but endeavoured to let the transaction pass off as quietly as possible. Sidy Hamet, his second son, was presently proclaimed Bey. Upon the elevation of Sidy Hamet, his younger brother's chief hostility was immediately addressed to him. Their disputes, invariably arising in the indomitable insolence of the younger, were perpetual.

June 23, 1791.—The town has been in a state of great alarm. The twentieth of this month was fixed for Sidy Useph to meet the Bashaw and Bey in the castle, and make peace again with the Bey in the Bashaw's presence; but Sidy Useph sent a letter to his brother the preceding evening, to say he should not come to the castle without his arms, and desired the Bey to remember the words of the prophet, which declared that nothing could shorten or lengthen the life of a man, and that if the Bey believed in their strongest tenet (nought, fate), he could not want courage. The Bashaw sent immediately an answer to Sidy Useph, to tell him that he would not suffer him to come into his presence armed; but, notwithstanding this order, Sidy Useph approached the town next morning, with three hundred men under arms. In consequence of Sidy Useph's approach with such numbers, a proclamation was issued from the castle to the Moors of the town, that if they were molested, every one had the Bashaw's leave to defend themselves, not only against Sidy Useph's people, but against Sidy Useph himself. Such a defence, with

out this edict, would have been considered high treason.

Before Sidy Useph appeared in sight, his famous Marabut Fataisi came into town with some of his holy followers. They were admitted to the sovereign, and Fataisi told the Bashaw that Sidy Useph was on his way to town with twenty people only, and without arms, and implored him by the prophet to send the Bey out to meet him, and make terms with him for the peace of his family and of his people. The Bashaw instantly agreed to it, and had the prince gone he would certainly have been murdered. But the Bey having received certain information, that Sidy Useph was near the town with several hundred people, he seized the Marabut, though in the Bashaw's presence, and, holding his sabre over him, he told him, that had he not been a Marabut, he would have laid him dead at the Bashaw's feet for his treachery, and then informed the Bashaw that his brother had with him upwards of four hundred men under arms. The Bey turned the Marabut out of his presence, and the officers presented their arms at him, but the Bey ordered them not to fire. He desired they would see the Marabut out of the gates of the town, and give orders that, on pain of death, no one should suffer him on any account to enter it again.

In the evening the castle was crowded with people, and strongly guarded at the sandannar, or guard-house. At the zook, a sort of guard-house in the bazaar, the guards were trebled.

From our house we saw the bashaw sitting in his golpahr, at five in the morning of that day, and he remained almost wholly there till evening. The bashaw dispatched messengers to the different cydes of the Messeah, to send the Moors of the adjacent villages into town that night, but Sidy Useph sent immediately to tell them, that if they did not come to him, or if one of them attempted to go into town, he would massacre their families and burn their gardens.

A body of Mezaratens and Arabs came in that night to assist the bey, whose situation is truly distressing. He can get no resources from the bashaw, and was so short of cash when the Arabs arrived, that he was obliged to borrow money to get provender for their horses, and the necessary provisions for his family.

In the evening the Shaiks of the streets were ordered to arm the inhabitants of the town. In the Messeah the Moors joined Sidy Useph's people, and committed dreadful ravages all the night, plundering the palaces and gardens belonging to the bashaw, and of those people who remained attached to him.

Before sufficient assistance could arrive from the Arabs for the bashaw, it was feared Sidy Useph had Moors enough on his side to enable him to enter the town, and the whole of the night of the twenty-second he was every hour expected to have forced his way in. The agitation of the Tripolians, as well as the Europeans, during the whole of that night, is not easy to be conceived.

The town being on the sea coast, the inhabitants could have fled no where from the rapacity of a banditti of Arabs, had they made their way into the city.

At half-past ten the next morning, Sidy Useph appeared for the first time in open hostilities against his family. All the atrocities he had as yet committed received a tenfold addition of guilt, by their having been achieved under the mask of friendship.

On the appearance of Sidy Useph the second day, all the consular houses were closed, as were the shops and the houses of the inhabitants who turned out with their arms, and ranged themselves in the streets.

The bashaw sent forces out early in the morning, to preserve the villages of the Messeah from the further ravages of Sidy Useph's people. In the afternoon they brought in the governor or cyde of the Messeah, who was carried to the castle to be strangled, but he is yet living. This man, instead of assisting the people and protecting them, had given every assistance he could to Sidy Useph. When the cyde arrived at the town gate, the bashaw ordered his chauxes to proclaim Sidy Useph a rebel, and that it should be lawful to seize him wherever he could be taken, excepting in the marabouts or mosques, which may not be violated.

A noble moor came into town in the evening of the twenty-second, and pretended not to have joined Sidy Useph, or to have approved of his measures; but he returned again to him early in the morning, and, a short time after his departure, a quantity of provisions and ammunition was stopped at the town gate, which he had endeavoured to send out to him.

About an hour before noon Sidy Useph's people attacked the town. We saw Sidy Useph for some time seated as cyde of the Messeah in the Pianura, in the place the cyde should have occupied had he been present. Just at this moment the cyde of the Messeah was brought into the castle-yard to be strangled, but he was remanded back. This is the second time in one day that he has undergone the terrors of being put to death.

The bashaw has sent round the coast to collect the Arabs. We saw a number of horsemen at a very great distance, approaching from the west; this circumstance gives courage to the people here, who were much cast down. The cannon from the town were fired at Sidy Useph's people during the whole of the day, which had the desired effect of keeping them back. But though the firing was incessant, it did little execution on either side. Sidy Useph lost five men, and a few horses belonging to the town were killed, notwithstanding there were upwards of three thousand shot fired. The cannon were not even mounted upon carriages; they were fired by a Russian so badly, that he frequently pointed them into the sea on his left instead of into the Pianura

exactly before him. This account, I assure you, extraordinary as it appears, is true, for we saw every one fired.

Things continued pretty much in this way till the November following.

The town is badly off for articles from the country: none are brought in, as the Moors cannot venture out for fear of being plundered by Sidy Useph's people. A fowl, fresh meat, or even an egg, cannot be had without great difficulty and danger; and at an enormous expense, vegetables and other provisions have already been procured, at the risk of the lives of those who have been sent for them.

Tripoli may now be said to be overrun with strangers, and those of the most dangerous cast. In fact the Bashaw's allies are nearly as troublesome as his enemies; untamable Arabs, of all tribes, and treacherous friends, are among his most trusted supports.

January 18, 1792.—This year, like the last, finds Tripoli involved in accumulated difficulties. A day does not pass without hearing of families despoiled, and wandering into town, reduced from affluence to beggary. Such a general consternation reigns, that it is impossible to discover who are friends or enemies, and war surrounds us with increasing horrors, aggravated by the dreadful consideration of its being between father and son.

Sidy Useph still exerts his utmost efforts to excite the Arabs to arm for him, and they are joining him very fast; they are so much in his interest that when the Bashaw sends to any of the Arab chiefs to assist him, their terms are so cruelly unreasonable that it is often impossible to employ them. Sidy Useph is at present at Querra on the coast, a short distance from hence; but he is so continually expected here, that every outlet leading from the suburbs of Tripoli to the sands is kept blockaded with stones, to impede the approach of his people.

Matters continued as bad till the month of July of the year 93. Sidy Useph continually harrassing the town, in most unnatural warfare with his father and elder brother. It is surprising how they could have born with him so long. The poor old Bashaw had indeed been induced to offer a reward for the head of his favourite son; but Useph had now got too much power in his hands to make his capture an easy task. While this family were disputing among themselves for the city, in comes a wolf to take it from them.

July 29, 1793. This has been, my dear friend, a very extraordinary day with us, and we are for the present moment most dangerously situated. Though we are so near quitting this place, we are destined to see an entire new government, and the whole of the Bashaw's family driven from Tripoli, before our departure, by a Turkish invader; even Sidy Useph, with all his efforts against his father, must leave the throne to this usurper, who came into the bay at five this afternoon. We were taking our usual afternoon walk upon the terrace, when we perceived a fleet of Turkish vessels anchor in the harbour. As the Turks are never welcome visitors here, the dragoman was sent directly to inquire what Captain Pacha commanded the fleet that was just anchored. We were immediately informed that a Turk named Ali Ben Zool, was on board, with an order from the Grand Signior to depose our Bashaw, and mount the throne himself.

With the servility to which the eastern people have habituated themselves, the Bashaw and Bey immediately succumbed to the mandate of the Grand Signior. In the hour of common danger they joined Sidy Useph; and altogether took refuge in the court of the Bey of Tunis, who entertained them with much hospitality. It turned out ultimately that they had yielded to a shadow, as the pretended order was a forgery. The Grand Signior generously gave the Barbaric powers leave to do themselves justice! Accordingly, after a short and iniquitous reign, Ali Ben Zool was driven from Tripoli, by the Bashaw's two sons. The Bashaw did not long survive his restoration; and the Bey, Sidy Hamet, was, after all, cheated of his birth-right by his ambitious and unscrupulous younger brother.

The Bey, warned by his friends or by his own apprehensions, had for a long time since his return to Tripoli, avoided quitting the town but in company with Sidy Useph, from the fear of the latter acting inimically while absent, or preventing his entering the town again on his return. But the two princes being out in the Messeah together, Sidy Useph on a dispute with his brother left him, reached the gates of the town some minutes before him, and without further ceremony closed them against the Bey; he then ordered him from the walls to retire to Derner, of which he permitted him to be Bey, adding that on his refusal he should be sacrificed before the walls of Tripoli. The Bey having no other resource, turned about with the few people he had with him and went to Derner, of which place he is now chief; leaving his brother, Sidy Useph, quietly seated on the throne, as Bashaw of Tripoli.

SHOPPING.

[To the Editor of the London Journal.]

SIR,—I am sorry to break in upon the beautiful creations of your fancy at this season of inspiration, with anything in the shape of a grievance, but seeing how happily you can convert even evils into sources of goodness and joy, I submit a case which I hope will not be deemed unworthy your consideration; especially as it may serve to put some of your fair readers of the metropolis upon their guard, at a time when too many of them are apt to forget themselves.

To say that I agree with you in your recommenda-

tions to all who desire to be amiable, and to be thought so, to go forth in these May mornings, where sunny banks and flowery fields are "stealing and giving odours," and by their happy presence to add "sweets to the sweet," is not enough. I must also take leave to thank you for the felicitous language in which your recommendations are conveyed.

Of the rural rambles of the rural fair, with hearts and minds disposed to receive impressions from the holiness, the beauty, and fragrantcy of nature, nothing but peace, and health, and joy, and moral goodness, the graces of form, and the language of heaven, as conveyed through the medium of lovely faces, is to be expected. But how different the result of a May-day ramble in this overgrown city! which now, from its extent, no less than by its pernicious customs, imposes and confirms its evil habits on many of the female portion of fashionable inhabitants. The sun and warmth have now some visible effects, even in the streets of London; and the very buttons, buckles, clasps, shop-windows, and coach-panels, toss the light about in darts and broad flashes, and the personal identity of our fair friends, divested of the hideous cloak and cape, is no longer questionable.

Now is the time that ladies begin to lapse into a kind of envious frenzy about shapes and colours; and now, therefore, is the time for those husbands who wish their wives to continue rational, as well as lovely, to take care of them; by no means suffering them to enter haberdashers', silk mercers', or shawl shops, unattended; and ye, indulgent lovers! beware of going into such places with a mistress who wants something, but who after she has thrown herself with a fretful bounce into the shop-chair, will only say what it is not, and not what it is. Beware of these symptoms; for this annual frenzy is a *luna Nature*, sent periodically into this erring world to plague such obtuse and perverse beings as scornfully neglect her beauty and abuse her bounty, and is as amply provided against, by a due number of sharpers to take advantage of the occasion, as the annual regeneration of flies is, by a corresponding production of spiders, to entrap and devour them. As a man is said to be always infatuated before he is ruined, so our female friends turn fretful and ill-favoured when ripe for being imposed upon in their purchases of cheap and superfluous finery. A wardrobe of unworn finery is the indubitable sign of a puerile and uneasy mind; and whenever you see a lady fretful, you may suppose the seat of her disorder to be a chest of unworn and unwearable shawls: indeed, next to acute bodily pains, family bereavements, and biting penury, there is no source of disquiet equal to a possession which you know the moths and caprices of fashion have conspired to render valueless.

Superfluous purchases might not be so great an evil, in the main, if the poor creatures who manufacture such articles participated in the advantages of the sale; but such is by no means the case. Look in one of those marts of superfluity, and see how even a booby, with a little cash and a great deal of impudence, can flatter, and how he can tyrannize. How he can flatter and fawn upon the fretful simpletons who enter his door, and how he can domineer over his labourious and submissive assistants, who attend behind his counters, the most patient and ill-used of all human beings. In some of these places, a fashionably-dressed man is employed as a "shop-walker," a kind of assistant wheedler, and deputy-blusterer to the establishment; who, through the vacuum between his well-cultivated whiskers, grins his devoirs, or fulminates his commands, as the case may require. He makes known his importance and the gentility of his breeding, by the exclamations: "Hand over them shawls, Sir! Why do not you rise that lamp there!" &c.

I will here give the ladies a few hints fit to go with them in every round of fashionable shopping, and to be laid up in lavender, when at home. In these places, persons of the most unlovely aspects receive the most urgent attentions. The especial business of the "shop-walker" is to watch the entrance of customers, and to fasten his attentions on those ladies whose countenance and general air are most fretful and repulsive; for out of their very fretfulness, he contrives the means of imposing upon them. The business of his day is to effect impossibilities, and the boast and jest of his night, that he has, by sheer impudence, made the ugly purchase things uglier than themselves, and passed off the worst commodities on those who came to look with a supercilious eye upon the best. In short, the gross, palpable, and fawning flatteries, which characterize the principals in all these places, are such as imposters alone can utter, and idiots believe.

I have attended many of my female friends on their shopping excursions, and can truly declare that I never knew one who possessed, at the same time, a fretful temper and a happy choice. And for cheapness—unlovely faces embolden even those most patient and obliging persons who serve behind the counters, to impose upon them, if they can. They will naturally do so, from mere resentment, seeing that their integrity and most obliging attentions have been repelled by discontented looks and unamiable suspicions. On the contrary, happy faces enter unmolested by the shop-walker; they inspire a necessary confidence, and that kind of assiduity to please, in the server, which rarely fail to ensure a happy choice. The very patterns will appear to assume a delicacy of tint from their proximity to a sweet countenance, and those colours must needs be "fast," that are daily to be burnished with new smiles, until the very texture is worn out.

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